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HOWE'S

ANNALS OF IOWA

A HISTORICAL PUBLICATION,



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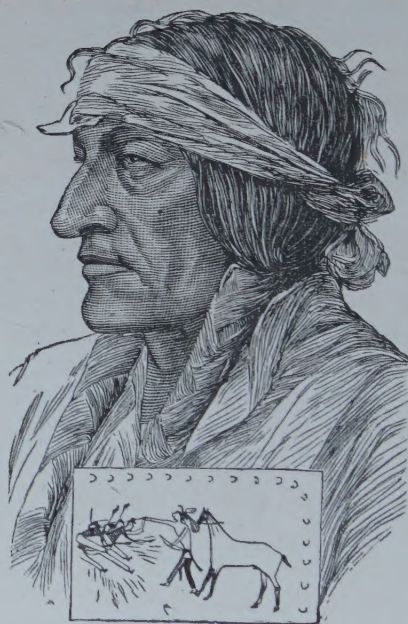
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SITTING BULL



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INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MILLS COUNTY.

BY A. R. FULTON.

MILLS COUNTY was so named in honor of Frederick Mills, a brave young officer from Burlington, Iowa, who was killed in the Mexican war. His body was never recovered by his comrades, and the Legislature of the State very properly determined to perpetuate his memory by naming a county for him. This was originally included as a part of Pottawattamie county, but a separate organization was perfected by the election of county officers at the general election of 1851.

At that election William Smith was elected County Judge; W. W. Noyes, Clerk of the District Court; and James Hardy, Sheriff.

The first term of the District Court was held at what was then called Coonville, being on the site of the present thriving little city of Glenwood, in October, 1851. The eccentric James Sloan was the Judge who presided.

The first white settlers of Mills county were about thirty disciples of Joseph Smith, who in August, 1846, pitched their tents on the Missouri river bottom on the east side of Keg Creek, about four miles north of the present south line of the county. With others of their faith, after the death of their prophet, they had set out on their journey to the "promised land," but the season being late, preparations for winter became necessary. The abundance of timber along the Missouri at this point afforded them material for log cabins, while food for their stock was readily obtained from the luxuriant growth of wild grass. Before winter came on they had erected at that place quite a number of cabins, presenting something of a village-like appearance. They gave it the name of Rushville. A number of the original settlers of this village remained as permanent citizens of the county after the others left for Salt Lake. Among them was William Brittain and his family. Before the Mormon settlement, however, other white men had traversed the soil of Mills county. Henry Alice, who recently resided on the Missouri river bottom, near where the now extinct village of St. Mary used to be, in the fall of 1834 landed on the Nebraska side of the river where Bellevue is now located, where he acted as an assistant missionary to the Pawnee Indians, having been appointed by the American Board of Foreign Missions. He came up the river in one of the American Fur Company's boats. He did not locate on the Iowa side of the river in Mills county until in 1853, so that Mr Brittain and others who came with the Mormons have precedence as the first permanent settlers.

As early as 1836, Col. Peter A. Sarpy, who was for some time a citizen of Mills county, traded with the Indians on

both sides of the Missouri. At an early day (in 1855) he laid out a town on the Missouri river bottom below the mouth of Mosquito Creek, some five or six miles from where the present town, Pacific City, is located. In 1858 the writer visited Col. Sarpy's town, where he spent an evening with the venerable proprietor and was entertained with many reminiscences of his pioneer days among the Indians on the Missouri. He was a Frenchman, and the name of his town is due to the fact that he and his followers were devoted Catholics. In 1858 St. Mary was a promising village, with a hotel and several business houses, but a change in the channel of the Missouri long since obliterated it, and the site of St. Mary is now in the river. Col. Sarpy too, has passed away. He died at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, in January, 1865. The State of Nebraska has named a county in his honor.

So, with the exception of traders and missionaries among the Indians, the Rushville settlement of Mormons may be considered as the first in Mills county. Many of the citizens of to-day are scarcely aware that the place ever existed, but in 1868, when the writer visited the place the ruins of Rushville were still visible. The burying ground is near by, and a rudely carved gravestone attracts the attention of the visitor. It is fashioned from native limestone, and a smooth surface of about one foot square, presents the following inscription: "J. Eastman, died April 10th, 1847, aged 60 years." This is all that is known of perhaps the first white man who died in Mills county. The first white child born in the county was Andrew J. Stewart, in the fall of 1846. His parents, taking with them the "first born," soon after this event removed to Salt Lake. Caroline L. Brittain was born January 12th, 1847, and was perhaps the next white child who may claim Mills as her native county.

Among the settlers at Rushville was Libeus T. Coon, who became the proprietor of the town of Coonville, which was located on the site of the present city of Glenwood. Mr. Coon removed to Harrison county, Iowa, many years ago. Among his associates in the settlement of Coonville, were Silas Hillman, William Brittain, G. N. Clark, Ira Hillman,

J. Everett and others, who erected the first cabins there in the spring of 1848. The first cabin built was destroyed by fire. The first school taught in Glenwood was in one of these primitive cabins, and D. H. Solomon, afterward a prominent lawyer of the "slope," was the teacher. The first child born in the place was William Coolidge, in December, 1849. The first death was that of the wife of Silas Hillman, in the summer of 1849. The first flouring mill in the county was erected by J. W. Coolidge during the summer of the same year.

Glenwood being some six miles west of the center of the county, once had a rival for county-seat honors in a place located near the center, then called London. For a time the latter place was a promising village, but nearly all its buildings were removed many years ago. The place was afterward known by the name of Mt. Olive. It was on the prairie "divide" between Silver and Keg Creeks, and near the head of Wauboncey Creek.

THE PIONEERS OF CLEAR LAKE.

BY A. R. FULTON.

PREVIOUS to 1851, a few adventurous hunters had penetrated Northern Iowa westward as far as Clear Lake and the upper branches of the Des Moines River. They carried back to the sparse settlements in the eastern counties reports of the fertility of the soil, the beautiful lakes filled with fishes, and the abundance of buffalo, elk, deer, and fur-bearing animals which were to be found in that magnificent region now constituting Northern Iowa. Among others whom these reports reached were Joseph Hewitt and James Dickirson, then residing at Strawberry Point, Clayton county. They were especially delighted with the accounts which they heard of a beautiful lake which shone as a gem in the prairie, and to which had

been given the name of Clear Lake. The groves about the lake were still the hunting and camping grounds of the savage and war-like Sioux, and so far their right of occupancy had only been disputed by the Winnebago tribe, as it was within the "neutral ground." On the 20th of May, 1851, Hewitt and Dickirson started with their teams and families to find the lake of which they had heard. The last settlement on their route was that of four families in Chickasaw county, about where the town of Bradford is now located. From there to the lake, a distance of fifty miles, no wagon or other vehicle had ever tracked the vast and unbroken prairie. The two families were accompanied by two young men named John Alloway and Henry Robinson. The party reached the shores of Clear Lake, July 14th, 1851, having spent 56 days to make a journey that now requires less than half a day.

Hewitt and Dickirson each had a wife and one child, so that the settlement, including Alloway and Robinson, consisted of eight persons. In less than a year, however, the two young men returned to the eastern part of the State, and Hewitt and Dickirson, with their families, remained entirely cut off from communication with the outside world, except to be visited by an occasional hunter or straggling Indian.

All the old settlers of Iowa will remember 1851 as the "rainy season," and it may well be imagined that the isolated pioneers of Clear Lake had but little opportunity to learn what was going on, even in the eastern counties of the State. Their journey to the lake had been prolonged by reason of the swollen streams, and after their arrival the continued rains had proved an obstacle to the success of the purpose of their coming. It may here be stated that their original purpose had not been permanent settlement, but to capture elk and buffalo calves, and then return to Clayton county. For nearly two years their principal occupation was trapping, hunting and fishing. They lived a wild, adventurous, backwoods life. As Clear Lake was within the limits of the "neutral ground," but few Indians came to disturb them.

Impressed, after a year's sojourn, with the beauty and fertility of the country, Hewitt and Dickirson determined to make

Clear Lake their permanent home. They erected cabins in the timber. Dickirson claimed the land on which the town of Clear Lake is now located. In the spring of 1852 he cleared and plowed a piece of brush land, where he raised a crop of corn, which was the first grain raised by a white man in Cerro Gordo county. No other settlers located in the county until the Wrights settled on Lime Creek, near where Mason City is now located, in July, 1853. During the fall of this year several other families located on Lime Creek and at Clear Lake.

Joseph Hewitt was known to the early settlers of Northern Iowa as Captain Hewitt. He had been a trader among the Winnebago Indians, and could speak their language readily. His presence at the lake was the inducement for several bands of Winnebagoes to visit that region, and led to some trouble with the Sioux in 1854, which Captain Hewitt was instrumental in quelling. It was during the winter of 1853-54 that several Winnebago families came to the lake to visit their old friend. The Sioux, learning of this, determined to exterminate them. Several hundred of them came down from Minnesota in the summer of 1854 and announced their intention. In the meantime, however, the Winnebagoes had returned to their reservation, under the advice of Captain Hewitt. The presence of the Sioux gave the white settlers some uneasiness, especially as the Indians had committed some slight depredations against the whites. Previous to the departure of the Winnebagoes, a couple of skulking Sioux had killed a Winnebago boy.

Captain Hewitt remained at Clear Lake some five or six years, when he removed to Algona, Kossuth county, where he lived several years. He then returned to the lake and lived there until his death, in May, 1865. He was a native of Ohio, and at the time of his death was about 63 years of age. Few men were better known among the early settlers of Northern Iowa.

THE PIONEERS.

IN all western States, indeed everywhere, are to be found men who delight in sport. Gunning and fishing with them is a passion. If sufficiently wealthy, then they will yearly take a trip to the far west, or to some lake where they can freely indulge in their favorite pastime. If poor, however, then they are obliged to take such sport as their neighborhood affords. A poor man who idles away his time by following a pursuit which in a civilized and thickly settled country must ever be without remuneration, soon finds himself distanced by his more energetic, industrious neighbors. Civilization crowds him and he looks westward longingly. He well knows there is yet plenty of elbow room and there "the streams are filled with fishes and the woods with game," and the old song, "My trusty rifle on my arm, the prairies I shall roam," becomes his daily companion.

Soon after this there is a sale. The farm wagon is covered and converted into a prairie schooner. He loads in a few household goods. His horses are hitched. The cow is tied behind, the family is snugly stowed inside. He mounts, cracks his whip and "Here we go, westward ho!"

Now follows a journey, unequaled, perhaps in any country. It is spring. Heavy rains have made the roads bottomless. The atmosphere is damp, chilly, changeable and uncomfortable. Food for beasts is scarce and badly preserved. The wheels often sink into the soft mud and the wagon must often be unloaded to be extricated. The horses soon show unmistakable signs of fatigue and exposure. The cow soon becomes a mere bundle of bones and refuses to give milk. Our traveler is soon disgusted. His food is badly cooked. His clothes are damp and dirty, and when he turns in at night to seek his damp bed, and is there met by his shivering wife and sick children, he curses the country, and his resolution to find a better grows stronger each day.

Slowly he moves onward. Days change into weeks, weeks into months; June follows May, and is in turn followed by July, and when the hot days of August overtake him he has reached the broad boundless prairies of the west. The heat becomes unbearable as he slowly plods onward. The horses are tired, his family is sick and weary. The cow can go no further, and he himself has lost all energy and feels tired to death. He halts at a prairie stream. The shores are lined with wood land, in whose cooling shade rest elk and deer. In the depth of the clear cool water are seen shoals of fishes. "Wife," says our traveler, "we must rest. Let us rest here; this is a pleasant place." The horses are turned out. The cow is untied. The woods supply him with fuel and game and the stream with fishes. In a few days the horses commence to look better, the cow recommences to give milk, the pioneer himself is rested. His children play around him. Oh, how nice this all seems. "Wife," he says, "this is a nice country. Let us remain here. Let us take this claim. Let us build a house and pass the remainder of our lives in peace and plenty."

A log house is soon built. Hay for winter use soon stored. There is plenty of leisure, plenty of game, plenty of fish, abundance of everything the heart could desire. No trouble, no care. This is the land, (Iowa.) Here let us rest, (Alabama.)

A passing trapper partakes of his hospitality, and in return instructs him to make deerskin clothes. The trapper remains. They hunt, they fish, they trap, and by the evening fire many a tale of border life and Indian warfare is recounted. The trapper makes several trips to the nearest settlement. Letters to the old home are dispatched and the news from the great outside world is brought back. Fall turns into winter, winter into spring and still our family and their friend remain in the little hut by the side of the river in the protection and shade of the big cottonwoods. Here they live peaceful and happy, far removed from the ambitions, cares and troubles of the busy outside world. They share their joys and sorrows, form a closer friendship, a firmer love. They worship

God in a simple and pure manner, and thank Him daily for this, their new prairie home.

Let us return. Back in his old home they do not miss our friend. He is soon forgotten. But a day comes when his name is in every one's mouth. They all speak of his luck and the fine country he has discovered. The village paper publishes some of his most enthusiastic letters, giving a glowing description of his new home. A colony is organized. A string of prairie schooners loaded with men, women, children, fowls, pigs, dogs, furniture and utensils, soon leave the place. A herd of cattle follows the movers, and after many weary weeks of travel they are welcomed—welcomed in their new home. The land is staked out. Each man selects his quarter. Houses are built. A grist and saw mill is erected on the river bank. Stores, shops and houses are soon grouped around the log cabin. The town is named. The county is organized. A church, school house and court house are built and the hammer of the carpenter and anvil of the blacksmith now wake the echoes of the once silent woods. A stage route is established, and the fame of the new station soon reaches the outside world and resounds throughout the length and breadth of the land. Here and there it reaches the ear of some young man starting in life, or some mechanic or laborer who is tired of being slave; some farmer whose farm is insufficient to support his family. "Yes," they say, "let us try. We'll take a claim and get us a home of our own." On they come. One, two, three, ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand. One farm after another is staked out. One quarter after another is taken. The settlement now rapidly enlarges. What was a pioneer farm becomes a settlement; the settlement a county. Other towns are built, other counties organized and in the short space of fifteen or twenty years the country is sufficiently peopled to claim admittance as a State.

Industry and energy soon change the face of the landscape. A prosperous settlement soon attracts the attention of eastern monopolists, and soon the puffing, screaming steamhorse plows its way through what was a short time ago an ocean of grass and yellow flowers.

Our old pioneer has remained in the land of his dreams. His farm has been changed into a town; the town has grown into a city, and the land has become valuable. He has remained poor. Public spirited, he has helped every one. He has freely contributed to every public enterprise. Has signed every note, every bond, until he has lost his all. He is poor, but respected. His name is known by every one and is enrolled among the great ones in history. His likeness is sold in the stores and forms the premium of the local papers. He lives to a good old age, and when he dies the community mourn his loss. He has been a father to them all. He has given his all for their welfare, and in return his name is chiseled into the face of immortality. H.

PUSH-I-TO,

OR THE OLD MAN OF THE CREEK.

HE was once young and full of hope; was born and grew to manhood in one of the beautiful valleys of Western Pennsylvania. He had just finished his course in the famous Rush Medical College in Philadelphia, and returned home to practice his chosen profession, when the Angel of Death spread his wings over the household of "The One" he loved as a child, a girl, and a woman, and claimed her as his own.

His Ange was dead. For weeks after the death of his promised wife his great strong mind tottered on the verge of insanity, but his fine physical organization triumphed, and he seemed himself again. His friends, anxious for his good, procured him a surgeon's commission in the regular army. He quickly joined his regiment at St. Louis, and was attached to the command of Lieutenant Pike; was with him on his expedition up the Mississippi in 1805. And subsequently was with Lieutenant Pike on his exploration to the Southwest, and was made prisoner with the command by the Mexicans, at or near Santa Fe, and marched on foot as pris-

oners of war to the city of Mexico, where, by the demand of the Washington government, they were released and returned home.

He was with General Pike until after the General's death, at Little York, in 1814. After the war of 1812, his regiment was sent out to the frontier again; and fifteen or twenty years prior to 1840, he was seen on what the Indians called Pushito, or Creek of the Old Man. The Indians frequently referred to the old man of the creek as living on Pushito a long time, in the year 1840. His cabin was still standing and looked as though it had been built for fifteen or twenty years. This tradition was gathered from the Indians and a woman who lived on the frontier all her life, and had frequently talked with the old man of the creek, and from him learned this tradition of his life.* He never gave his name, but when asked about it, he would answer, "A medicine man." His long, silvery white hair covered his shoulders. He held intercourse with very few persons, and seemed to have lived entirely secluded and alone. His old rusty sword and pistols were at the home of the woman alluded to. The manner and time of his death is unknown. Those who had known him in life were of the opinion that, when the dread messenger came, he went to a place that he had prepared for himself, and there, secure from wild beasts and birds, alone passed to the unknown realms beyond the grave, where, as he had frequently said, "he would meet his only love awaiting to welcome him to a better world."

Pushito, or the Creek of the Old Man, rises in Iowa county and runs in an easterly direction through the south side of Iowa and Johnson counties.—*An 1840 Seeker After a Home.*

*The Editor would like to hear from this woman or her descendents, where the sword and pistol are.

AN INFANT'S BURIAL CASE.

IN his recent trip, Capt. W. P. Hall made a find which is now on the shelves of the Academy of Science. It is a burial case, and was in a mound on O. J. Smith's land, at Hale's Point, Tenn. It was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the surface, the mound having been somewhat worn down by cultivation. It is a coarse pottery, made of clay, mixed with pounded shells, and pretty well burned. It is of rude, irregular form, made in two parts. The lower, or case proper, is twelve inches long, seven inches wide, and five inches deep, inside measure, the upper part being slightly bent inward all around. The upper part, or lid, is of singular form and dimensions, being very slightly larger, so as to close down over the other part about one and a half inches, and is somewhat more shallow. As the lid does not fit very perfectly, the joint around the edge has been plastered up with clay. When found, it contained the remains of a very small child reduced to dust, except that some of the bones of the skull, jaws and limbs retained their form, crumbling rapidly, however, upon removal and exposure to the air. There were also found two or three dozen small shell beads. Excepting the remains described, the case was entirely empty. The case weighs six and a quarter and the lid just six pounds. So far as known to members of the Academy, this is the first prehistoric earthenware burial case ever discovered in this country.—*Davenport Gazette, July 19th.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT--MY FIRST BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

I WELL remember my first book, for children's books were not so plenty then as they now are. I was about six years old, and my good mother taught me the many good things there were in it. I can almost see her now as she sat by me and asked me such questions as: "Who was the first man?" Adam. "Who was the first woman?" Eve. "Who saves lost men?" Jesus Christ. I remember, also, the little prayer in verse, which my mother taught me in this primer.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

I have said this little prayer a great many times since I was a child. It is a sweet prayer, for my mother, now gone to heaven, taught it to me. And I wonder the good man who made it did not also make a morning prayer in verse, for we should pray both evening and morning. I subjoin a child's morning prayer—

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Jesus, Lord of life and light,
Thou has kept me all the night;
Thou wilt hear me while I pray,
Bless and lead me all the day.

The mother of John Quincy Adams, it is said, taught him when a little boy, that child's evening prayer—"Now I lay me down to sleep"—and even when a member of Congress and President of the United States, to the day of his death, he always said it before going to sleep at night.

Nor should the morning prayer be forgotten. A little daughter about four years old was taught by her pious parents to say the evening prayer, of which I have spoken. And one morning, she got out of her little bed, and on her knees, began to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," without being told to do it. So her father thought it too bad that the little thing should not have a prayer for the morning, and he made one for her.

In my first book or primer, there were also prayers in prose by Dr. Watts. I give them here :

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Almighty God, the maker of everything in heaven and earth, the darkness goes away and the daylight comes at Thy command. Thou art good, and doest good continually. I thank Thee, that Thou hast taken such care of me this night, and that I am alive and well this morning. Save me, O God, from evil all this day long, and let me love and serve Thee forever, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son. AMEN.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

O Lord God, who knowest all things, Thou seest me by night as well as by day. I pray Thee, for Christ's sake, forgive me whatsoever I have done amiss this day, and keep me all this night while I am asleep. I desire to lie down under Thy care, and abide forever under Thy blessing, for Thou art a God of all power and everlasting mercy. AMEN.

Besides these, there were also in my primer very short prayers, called grace before meat, or grace after meat, for a child.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Bless me, O Lord, and let my food strengthen me to serve Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

I desire to thank God who gives me food to eat every day of my life. AMEN.

Once, when a little child, I made up my mind not to eat even alone with my little dish or plate, without saying this grace before eating, and that after eating; and for some days I kept up the use of these little prayers, as I could not always take my food at the same time the older folks did.

And I used to say these prayers, together with our Lord's prayer, on going to bed and rising in the morning. And I

made a mark on the side of the room where I slept, every time I prayed. If the room had not been changed, the marks would be there now.

To be sure, I had rather strange notions of prayer, thinking that when I died, I would go up to God and tell Him I had prayed so many times! I am afraid my prayers were not made as they should be, by faith in Christ alone, for He only can save, and our prayers must lead us to Him. Still I did pray thus, and it was a good thing that I learned to pray when young. It kept me from sin and folly. It made me think of God, and of Christ, and heaven.

And further, my first book had some beautiful hymns for children in it, such as:

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty!

And there was that other one:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

And there was still another one:

Though I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read His holy word.
'Tis time to seek to God, and pray
For what I want for every day;
I have a precious soul to save,
And I a mortal body have.

And then there was the child's catechism, with such questions and answers as these, "Who made you? God. Who died to redeem you? Jesus Christ," and so on.

The Assembly's shorter catechism, also, was in my first book, beginning with the question and answer, "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy him forever." These, too, I learned, in older years, before I got above my book.

I bless God for my first book, and for a pious mother and father to hear me and teach me in it. It was better to me than all the other books of my childhood. I have even forgotten the names of some others, but this little child's book is fresh in my memory. There was the picture of Zacheus "climbing a tree, his Lord to see;" of John Rogers burned at the stake, for believing in Jesus Christ, and above all the cross representing where

Christ crucified
For sinners died.

The truth to be drawn from this story of my first book is this: First feelings and thoughts, first lessons and objects in life are never forgotten. Fill the mind with good thoughts and feelings in childhood, and in youth, and mature years, and old age, the lines of the first book will be written on the memory for all this life and the life to come.

God blesses early impressions. He loves the little child so easily turned to think of Jesus. And, if the little one dies in childhood, it has begun thus to learn of heaven, where by the spirit of God it may be prepared to enter.

MY SCHOOLS AND MY SCHOLARS.

Among other schools, I taught in Canandaigua Academy in 1831, and again in 1836-38, and also in 1849—nearly three years in all. And I purpose to publish some crumbs of correspondence of pupils and parents, illustrating early life. In general, names are represented only by initials.

We preface the article on Schools and Scholars with a Latin poem, translated by Mr. Stevenson, an early principal of Canandaigua Academy; he was a jolly old man when he gave the translation to the editor, then a classical teacher in the Academy. Also, a sketch of Ezekiel Cheever, the first teacher of note in New England.

Would all parents be as faithful as N. W. H. to his son P. for truancy, teachers would fare better.

The letters of Mrs. Spencer reminds me of her poor son Philip, who was hung at the yard-arm at sea, by order of

Captain McKensie, in a cowardly manner. But I have not time to write the history of Philip S. McKensie was never after entrusted with a war vessel.—[EDITOR, S. S. H.]

DULCE DOMUM.

Concinamus, O! sodales,

Eja! quid silemus?

Nobile canticum,

Dulce melos domum

Dulce domum resonemus.

Domum, domum, dulce domum,

Domum, domum, dulce domum,

Dulce, dulce, dulce domum

Dulce domum resonemus.

Appropinquat, ecce! felix

Hora gaudiosum;

Post grave tedium

Advenit omnium,

Meta petita laborum.

Domum, etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa

Mitte pensa dura,

Mitte negotium,

Jam datur otium,

Me mea mittito cura.

Domum, etc.

Heus, Rogere, fer caballos,

Eja! nunc eamus,

Domum amabile;

Matris et oscula,

Suaviter ut repetamus.

Domum, etc.

(Translated by Mr. Stevenson, aged 75 years, 1837.)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Tune your voices, O! my classmates,

Why this gloomy silence?

Join in a noble song,

Thrice happy, happy home!

And home, sweet home, the chorus.

Home, home, sweet home!
 Home, home, sweet home!
 Sweet, sweet, sweet home!
 O! sing sweet home in chorus.

See! Approach, the gladsome season,
 Free from all vexation;
 After a time of toil,
 Who can without a smile
 Hail the sweet joys of vacation?

Home, etc.

Tired out muse, dismiss your classic,
 Books and tasks laborious;
 Drive wrinkled care away,
 Give us mirth, sport, and play.
 Now, let these be victorious.

Home, etc.

Coachman, coachman, bring the horses,
 Quick, let us be flying;
 Soon the dear lovely home,
 Soon mamma's kisses warm,
 We shall be sweetly enjoying.

Home, etc.

MEMOIRS OF EZEKIEL CHEEVER.

Cheever, Ezekiel, an eminent instructor, born in London, January 25th, 1615, came to this country in June, 1637, for the sake of the peaceable enjoyment of Christian worship in its purity. He was first employed as a schoolmaster at New Haven, for twelve years; then at Ipswich, Massachusetts, eleven years; and afterwards at Charlestown, nine years.

He removed to Boston, January 6th, 1671, where he continued his labors during the remainder of his life. He died, August 21st, 1708, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

Most of the principal gentlemen in Boston, at that time, had been his pupils, and took pleasure in acknowledging their obligations, and honoring their old master. He was not only an excellent teacher but a pious Christian. He consequently prayed with his pupils every day, and catechized them every week. He also took frequent occasions to address

them on religious subjects. Being well acquainted with divinity, he was an able defender of the faith and order of the gospel.

In his old age his intellectual powers were very little impaired. He published an essay on the millennium, and a Latin Accidence, which has passed through twenty editions, and has not lost its reputation to the present day.—*From Allen's Biographical Dictionary, published 1809.*

EPITAPHIUM.

EZEKIEL CHEREVERUS.

Ludimagister;

Primo Neoportensis;

Deinde, Ipsuicensis;

Postea, Carolotenensis;

Postremo, Bostonensis;

cujus

Doctrinam ac Virtutem

Nosti, si sis Nov-Anglus,

Colis, si non Barbarus;

GRAMMATICUS,

a Quo non pure tantum, sed et pie,

Loqui;

RHETORICUS,

a Quo non tantum ornate dicere

coram Hominibus,

sed et Orationes coram Deo fundere

Efficacissimas;

POETA,

a Quo non tantum Carmina pangere,

sed et

Cœlestes Hymnos Odasque Angelicas,

canere

Didicerunt,

Qui discere voluerunt;

LUCERNA,

ad Quam accensa sunt,

Quis queat numerare,

Quot Ecclesiarum Lumina?

Et

Qui secum Theologiæ abstulit,

Peritissimus THEOLOGUS,

Corpus hic suum sibi minus charum,

deposuit.

Vixit Annos XCIV.
 Docuit, Annos LXX.
 Obiit, A. D. M.DCC.VIII.
 Et quod mori potuit,
 HEIC
 Expectat Exoptatque
 Primam Sanctorum Resurrectionem
 ad
 Immortalitatem.

CRUMBS OF BOYS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. S. S. Howe:—Will you please to examine James' composition again? I know he wrote it and made an extra exertion to give satisfaction to his teachers. M. W. S.

Mr. Howe:—Walter was detained by me this morning.
 E. M. H.

Mr. Howe:—Please excuse Master Philip at four o'clock. We wish to send him down street. E. S. S.

It will give me pleasure, Mr. Howe, to have you call over to-morrow, or any time that you have leisure. I want to talk over that "*little matter*" about Philip. As he is so very sensitive on the subject, I told him I would see you myself before he went to school again. He had a severe attack the night before, so that we sent for the doctor, and he is hardly well enough to be out to-day. With respect,
 E. S. S.

Mr. Howe:—I detained P. yesterday. This forenoon he was absent from school without leave. I have inflicted upon him adequate corporal punishment, and my object in writing this note is to request you to give him a severe admonition in the hearing of the school. You may perhaps be able, under God, to touch his heart, and do him everlasting good.

I am very truly, your friend, N. W. H.

Dear Sir:—I shall be glad that John study anything you approve of. All I meant by saying to him that I saw no occasion for his accounting from Wilson's arithmetic, was that I considered he might learn as well from the book he already .

had; but if it suits you better that he should work from the other, he can procure it. Yours very truly, W. W. R.

\$0.10.

CANANDAIGUA, July 31st, 1838.

Due the missionary fund, ten cents, for value received.

C. K.

Mr. Howe:—I will tell you some things I have done this term. Your brother reproved me once for bad conduct, but I do not remember what it was. And you did the same this morning for looking off of my book. Also last Sunday for spitting on the floor twice. And at the dinner table you reproved me for speaking to you very improperly. I suppose you took it as an insult, but I did not intend it should be. I hope I shall let all my tricks alone and let them go away from me.

A. P. C.

Mr. H. Howe:—I take this opportunity of asking you if you will not excuse me from writing a composition for examination. My reasons are these: I have never written one for examination, inability at this time to write, and want of time. These are my excuses; if they seem enough to excuse, please excuse me; if not, I must yield to the powers that be. Humble yourself so low as to answer this, and believe me your obedient scholar,

J. S. S.

A fine scholar; died young at Auburn, N. Y.

Mrs. Howe:—Hearing that you was very much displeased with me and demanded an apology, I take this early opportunity to inform you of the circumstances. A. H. Dey was to sleep with me. I asked him the night before. In Joseph Sherwood's room I said my bed would hold three. The boys all (with three exceptions) make it a practice to travel about to each other's rooms. This practice I am not disposed to favor. We were not aware that we made so much noise. We must confess it was very improper and ungentlemanly. But we still hope by confession of guilt, we may be able to insure future respect and regard, and a forgiveness of the past offence or offences.

Believe me your obedient boarder, F. B.

Mr. Howe:—I wish to inquire whether you would like to hear me speak a piece this evening (as I have not spoken this term) to see if I can so speak as to answer for the exhibition.

G. J. H.

Mr. S. S. Howe:—It was me that threw the paper wad this morning and hit A. P. C. Please excuse me for this time only.

R. A.

Dear Sir:—I am sorry to find that latterly you have not treated me as the rest of the boys, and therefore I infer that there is something in my conduct that displeases you. If so, I should like very much to find out what it is, and I will endeavor to correct my conduct so as to please you in all things and to act as becomes one of my station. You might have thought that my sickness this afternoon was more affected than real, but it was not. Some time since I was subject to dizziness in my head occasioned by a fall, but have not had it much lately. Therefore I deem it my duty to write you this apology, if it will be accepted by you, and sincerely hope you will overlook it this time.

Your (hereafter) faithful pupil, R. K.

Mr. Howe:—I wrongfully wrote on the house in question and have fastened myself in there in order to escape the boys. I saw on the day the men were repairing it, H. N. take an augur and bore holes in it. He also took a chisel and I believe cut the house; this was when the men were at dinner. This is all that took place last term. Day before yesterday I. S. took refuge in one, and I threw a snowball in at him. I have at no time used a knife upon the building, nor thrown clubs or stones into the trough. I have heard to-day that the door was torn down by C. R. or S. L. This, Mr. Howe, is the true history of my faults.

From your affectionate pupil, J. R. L.

Mr. Howe:—All that I know about this affair is, I wrote a riddle on the outside of one of the doors last winter. I do not know of anybody doing anything at all. I have told the truth and nothing but the truth.

S. W. W.

Mr. Howe:—I think whispering is a very bad practice, and I will try to offend no more. E. G. D.

A very good scholar, and died young at Detroit.

Mr. Howe:—I whispered twice—once I asked T. F. Rochester how to spell a word. The other time S. W. Whitney and H. B. Livingston were talking about what animals there were in a show. H. B. L. asked S. W. W. what animals there were, and I said llama. I acknowledge that I did wrong, and promise not to do so any more; at least I will try.

T. D. P.

Mr. Howe:—Whispering is a very bad practice. This morning I was told to stop whispering. I asked the boy to put my name in his composition. I don't mean to follow the practice. S. B.

PLEDGE.

We, the subscribers, do hereby agree not to whisper without permission:

D. H. Fitzhugh,

Augustus Wilson,

W. H. Adams,

G. B. Hubbell,

A. P. Howell.

MY FATHER'S CANE.

WHAT A LITTLE VINE DID TO A BIG STICK.

THE Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe, of Iowa City, Iowa, has just called at the Mission House, and as he is something of a veteran he brought with him a curious walking stick. He said that he inherited it from his father, who cut it with his own hands many years ago. From end to end it shows a spiral groove, evidently produced by some little vine, which wound itself around it as it grew, and partially embedded itself in the trunk which it had chosen for its support. It struck me as a beautiful illustration of the fact that there is scarcely any person or thing in the world that does not exert some influence. I was reminded of one little child and another of my acquaintance who had clung with twining

affection to a father until a deep groove of influence had been made in the strong man's character. More frequently, perhaps, it is a dear little girl who exerts this wonderful power. I believe that every good child leaves more or less of a groove on those about him. But the most remarkable thing about this cane was not the groove, but the fact that the little vine had given its own twist to the trunk itself. The cane, which would naturally have been a mere stiff straight stick, is bent—the entire body of it—into the same graceful spiral as the groove itself.

In other words, it was not the thick trunk which controlled the form of the little vine, which, in seeming weakness, clung to it for support; but, on the contrary, it was the tender, pliant vine which took the stiffness out of its big neighbor and finally had it all its own way! This seems almost like our Savior's representation of the weakest things as the strongest, and the humblest as most exalted. If it were possible for a vine to *love*, I should say that this thick cane had been conquered and moulded by a clinging affection. Anyhow, that is the lesson that my mind seemed to draw from it as my eye followed its graceful curves while I talked with my friend.

Are my little readers forming any grooves in anybody or anything? Perhaps some leave only the scars and blemishes of an evil influence. But this graceful spiral can only be produced by *entwining*. In its very form and nature it speaks of love. Yes, you have a thousand opportunities all around you and some far away in distant lands. You can bend the stiff obstinacy of the ignorant and degraded if you entwine around them your sympathies and your prayers. Here is a wicked world for which Jesus even died. After His example, wind your love about it and try it.—*Dr. F. F. Ellingwood, in the July, 1883, Foreign Missionary.*

FATHER PATRICK SMYTH.

Father Patrick Smyth, the resident priest of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Iowa City, was born in November, 1848, in County Cavan, Ireland. He was ordained at All Hallow's Foreign Missionary Seminary in Dublin, Ireland, June 24th, 1871, and was sent to the Dubuque, Iowa, Mission, August 27, 1871, and remained there until January, 1874, when he was sent to Madison county, Iowa, to the Irish settlement, and finally superseded Father Martin Rice, in Iowa City, in April 9th, 1876; he soon saw the importance of having a building for his people, and set himself to work to secure one. He purchased a lot from Mr. O. E. Dondelson, on the corner of Court and Linn streets, and erected the present beautiful brick edifice, the attraction and admiration of all observers of architecture; he has been faithful in his labors, self-sacrificing in his devotion to his church, and enjoys the full confidence of his congregation. He has taken great interest in the educational interests of his people as well as their spiritual affairs, and the result is he has fine schools in connection with his church, supported solely by his congregation. He is highly respected and very popular with all classes of people.

His memorial address on the death of President Garfield, delivered in the park in Iowa City, was universally admired. Having been brought up in the north of Ireland, where Protestants predominate, he learned to respect other orders of religion besides his own.--[EDITOR, S. S. H.]

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The separate mythical traditions found to exist independently of one another, in different parts of the earth, appear to refute the hypothesis of an original gregarious condition of mankind, and they concur in describing the generations of the human race to the union of one pair. The general prevalence of this myth has caused it to be regarded as a tra-

ditionary record, transmitted from the primitive man to his descendants.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

So long as attention was directed solely to the extremes in varieties of color and of form, and to the vividness of the first impression of the senses, the observer was naturally disposed to regard races rather as originally distinct species, than as varieties. In my opinion, however, more powerful reasons can be advanced in favor of the unity of the human race. By maintaining the unity of the human species, we, at the same time, repel the *cheerless* assumption of superior and inferior races of men. See Sabine's *Kosmos*, 1, 352, 355.—*Alexander von Humboldt.*

Having myself paid some attention to the ethnological grouping of human skulls, I must confess that I have found very considerable difficulty in adopting points of characteristic difference, and in this very difficulty I find an argument in favor of the unity of our species, and of the differences we observe being those of variety only.—*Dr. Thomas Hodgkin.*

Physiological inquiry inclines, on the whole, towards the theory of the unity of the race, and philological inquiry tends more and more to the same result. A high religious faith and a low philosophy of human nature must drive a thinking and honest mind, if not into despair and madness, into comfortless, chilling indifference and stupor.—*Chevalier Chr. J. Bunsen.*

Baron Cuvier, of France, asserted that all science, of which he was a master, a half century ago, confirmed the Mosaic account of creation.

And, Agassiz, of America, affirmed, as the result of his life-long investigations in natural history, that there was no evidence, that any species of animals ever passed over to another species, thus setting at naught the development theory of Huxly, Darwin, and others of the sciolist order.

HISTORIC ARTICLES.

We hope to print, in our October issue, the first of a series of articles on "Early Journalism in Iowa," by Judge A. R. Fulton, of Des Moines, Iowa. They are described, and their author, as follows: "Judge Fulton has himself been connected with the journalism of Iowa for many years, having so long ago as 1852 been the editor and publisher of the *Fairfield Ledger*. For the past ten years he has been our chief editor at the general office of this company, Des Moines. Before the removal of the seat of government from Iowa City he was for several sessions a clerk in the legislature of Iowa, and subsequently a member of the house of representatives from Jefferson county. He is also the author of various papers and pamphlets relating to Iowa history, and of the work entitled "*Red Men of Iowa*," now having an extensive sale in the State. It will thus be seen that he has had opportunity for collecting many facts that must prove of interest, especially to the newspaper fraternity, on the subject which he has chosen for this series of articles.—*Ex.*

WILSON CREEK BATTLE COMMEMORATION.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 9th, 1883.

ON the 10th of August, 1861, was fought the memorable battle of Wilson Creek—known in the South as the battle of Oak Hills—in Greene county, Missouri, about ten miles southwest of the city of Springfield. It was one of the most desperately fought and eventful battles of the late war between the North and the South. The Federals, who made the attack at the dawn of morning, were led by the heroic Gen. N. Lyon, who was killed on the field. The Confederates were commanded by the famous Gen. Ben. McCulloch, with whom were allied the Missouri state guard, under the command of Gen. Sterling Price, and a force of Arkansas militia under the command of Gen. N. B. Pearce. In the persons of the men on both sides who participated in this battle there was ever

since centered especial interest. And among its survivors many on both sides subsequently arose to great distinction, and by their genius and prowess shed brilliant lustre on the uniforms they respectively wore.

Twenty-two years have passed since "Bloody Hill" became historic. Not a few of those who survived the carnage of that day of glory are now known among their comrades only where—

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
"Their silent tents are spread;"
Hundreds yet remain—
"Till the shadows a little longer grow"—

Recounting anon to the children then unborn the vivid memories of its deeds of heroism. From these both Union and Confederates, have recently sprung, as it were, spontaneous expressions of a desire to meet each other on the battle field on its anniversary of this year, and renew the old friendships of comrade and comrade, and former foes become acquainted as friends, and exchange such friendly and manly courtesies as become brave soldiers and brethren of a common country.

To this suggestion the citizens of Greene county promptly responded, and arrangements have been made to hospitably receive and care for all who may honor us with their presence on such an occasion. Accordingly a grand reunion of all the survivors of that battle has been determined to be held at Springfield and on the late battle grounds, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of August, 1883. All into whose hands this circular may fall, and their friends, are most cordially invited to be present. Appropriate ceremonies and such proceedings as both the "blue and the gray" can heartily join in, will occupy the time. Distinguished soldiers and civilians will be present. A military camp will be formed for the reception of the veterans of both armies who fought at Wilson Creek. It is recommended that each survivor come provided with a blanket.

Springfield, with her now more than 13,000 generous and liberal-minded citizens invites you. Come, and in this plain and soldier-like way, meet your old comrades. Come—meet your former foes, now your friends and fellow countrymen,

ready to fight for you. Information of your intention to be present is respectfully solicited. Particularly so if you are a survivor of that battle, in order that we may make provisions for your reception and entertainment. The postoffice address of every survivor is especially desired at once.

Half rates on railroads leading to this city have been secured for all visitors. Very respectfully,

H. E. HAVENS, Chairman.

J. P. TRACEY, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

NECESSARY absence, in pursuit of health and business, has caused delay in the issue of the third part of this magazine for July, 1883.

THE contributor of "Pioneers" will please send his address to the editor at Iowa City.

THE communication of Rev. Alex. Fairley, of Washington, D. C., is reserved for October.

THE letter of Miss Aggie Fairley, on "Warwick Castle," England will appear in our next issue. It is connected with the genealogy of the Howe family in the course of preparation. John Howe, of Sudbury, Mass., in 1638, and afterwards one of the first settlers of Marlborough, Mass., is reported to have come from Warwickshire at that early date. The "Howe Tavern," and the escutcheon of the family "by the name of Howe," are in Longfellow's "Wayside Inn." All will be published in due time.

SITTING BULL is too notorious a barbarian, or too cruel a savage to be at this time noticed, otherwise than as with his Indian forces, cutting off Gen. Custer and all his troops, one escaping to tell the bloody tale. It is here believed that James Andrews, eldest son of George Andrews, Esq., of Iowa City, perished with Custer. He was last heard from as an Indian interpreter in Custer's regiment before the battle of extermination.



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Write for a Guide to the Summer Resorts, and Spirit Lake and its attractions, to the General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

For Hotel Rates write to J. W. HUTCHINSON, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

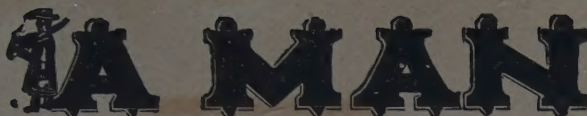
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Gen'l Superintendent.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

B. F. MILLS,

Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.



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